

*Anti.* What claime laies she to thee?

*Dro.* Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would haue me as a beast, not that I beeing a beast she would haue me, but that she being a verie beastly creature layes claime to me.

*Anti.* What is she?

*Dro.* A very reuerent body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say sir reuerence, I haue but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

*Anti.* How dost thou meane a fat marriage?

*Dro.* Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, & al grease, and I know not what vse to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a Poland Winter: If she liues till doome'sday, she'll burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

*Anti.* What complexion is she of?

*Dro.* Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? she sweats a man may goe ouer-shoes in the grime of it.

*Anti.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro.* No sir, 'tis in graine, Noahs flood could not do it.

*Anti.* What's her name?

*Dro.* Nell Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

*Anti.* Then she beates some bredth?

*Dro.* No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: she is sphericall, like a globe: I could find out Countreies in her.

*Anti.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*Dro.* Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

*Anti.* Where Scotland?

*Dro.* I found it by the barrennesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

*Anti.* Where France?

*Dro.* In her forehead, at mid and reuerted, making warre against her heire.

*Anti.* Where England?

*Dro.* I look'd for the chalkie Cliffes, but I could find no whiteneesse in them. But I guesse, it stood in her chin by the salt rheume that ranne betweene France, and it.

*Anti.* Where Spaine?

*Dro.* Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

*Anti.* Where America, the Indies?

*Dro.* Oh sir, vpon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Armadoes of Carreets to be ballast at her nose.

*Anti.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*Dro.* Oh sir, I did not looke so low. To conclude, this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what prinie markes I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my brest had not bene made of faith, and my heart of Steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

*Anti.* Go hie thee presently, post to the rode, And if the winde blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this Towne to night. If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,

Where I will walke till thou returne to me:

If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none,

'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

*Dro.* As from a Beare a man would run for life,

So flie I from her that would be my wife.

*Anti.* There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,

And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:

She that doth call me husband, euen my soule

Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister

Possess with such a gentle soueraigne grace,

Of such enchanting preface and discourse,

Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe:

But least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong,

Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

*Enter Angelo with the Chaine.*

*Ang. Mr. Antipholus.*

*Anti.* I that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine,

I thought to haue tane you at the *Perpentine*,

The chaine vnfinish'd made me stay thus long.

*Anti.* What is your will that I shal do with this?

*Ang.* What please your selfe sir: I haue made it for you.

*Anti.* Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue:

Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,

And soone at supper time Ile visit you,

And then receiue my money for the chaine.

*Anti.* I pray you sir receiue the money now,

For feare you ne're see chaine, nor money more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man sir, fare you well. *Exit.*

*Anti.* What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell:

But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine,

That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine.

I see a man heere needs not liue by shifts,

When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:

Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* stay,

If any ship put out, then straight away. *Exit.*

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.*

*Mar.* You know since Pentecost the sum is due,

And since I haue not much importun'd you,

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound

To *Persia*, and want Gilders for my voyage:

Therefore make present satisfaction,

Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

*Gold.* Euen iust the sum that I do owe to you,

Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,

And in the instant that I met with you,

He had of me a Chaine, at fise a clocke

I shall receiue the money for the same:

Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,

I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.

*Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Countre.*

*Off.* That labour may you saue: See where he comes.

*Ant.* While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou

And

And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow

Among my wife, and their confederates,

For locking me out of my doores by day:

But soft I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,

Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

*Dro.* I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.

*Exit Dromio*

*Eph. Ant.* A man is well holpe vp that trusts to you,

I promised your presence, and the Chaine,

But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:

Belike you thought our loue would last too long

If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.

*Gold.* Saving your merrie humor: here's the note

How much your Chaine weighs to the vtmost charest,

The finenesse of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,

Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more

Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,

I pray you see him presently discharg'd,

For he is bound to Sea, and staves but for it.

*Anti.* I am not furnish'd with the present monie:

Besides I haue some businesse in the towne,

Good Signior take the stranger to my house,

And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife

Disburse the summe, on the receipt thereof,

Perchance I will be there as soone as you.

*Gold.* Then you will bring the Chaine to her your

selfe.

*Anti.* No beare it with you, least I come not time e-

nough.

*Gold.* Well sir, I will? Haue you the Chaine about

you?

*Anti.* And if I haue not sir, I hope you haue:

Or else you may returne without your money.

*Gold.* Nay come I pray you sir, giue me the Chaine:

Both winde and tide staves for this Gentleman,

And I too blame haue held him heere too long.

*Anti.* Good Lord, you vse this dalliance to excuse

Your breach of promise to the *Perpentine*,

I should haue chid you for not bringing it,

But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.

*Mar.* The houre steales on, I pray you sir dispatch.

*Gold.* You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.

*Anti.* Why giue it to my wife, and fetch your money.

*Gold.* Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen now,

Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.

*Anti.* Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,

Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.

*Mar.* My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,

Good sir say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no:

If not, Ile leaue him to the Officer.

*Anti.* I answer you? What should I answer you.

*Gold.* The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

*Anti.* I owe you none, till I receiue the Chaine.

*Gold.* You know I gaue it you halfe an houre since.

*Anti.* You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to

say so.

*Gold.* You wrong me more sir in denying it.

Consider how it stands vpon my credit.

*Mar.* Well Officer, arrest him at my suite.

*Off.* I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to o-

bey me.

*Gold.* This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this Officer.

*Anti.* Consent to pay thee that I neuer had:

Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.

*Gold.* Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer.

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorne me so apparantly.

*Offic.* I do arrest you sir, you heare the suite.

*Anti.* I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile.

But sirrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,

As all the mettall in your shop will answer.

*Gold.* Sir, sir, I shall haue Law in *Ephesus*,

To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter Dromio Sirra from the Bay.*

*Dro.* Master, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,

That staies but till her Owner comes aboard,

And then sir she beares away. Our fraughtage sir,

I haue conuei'd aboard, and I haue bought

The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and Aqua-vitæ.

The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde

Blowes faire from land: they stay for nought at all,

But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.

*Anti.* How now? a Madman? Why thou peeuish sheep

What ship of *Epidamium* staies for me.

*S. Dro.* A ship you sent me too, to hier waftage.

*Anti.* Thou drunken slaue, I sent thee for a rope,

And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

*S. Dro.* You sent me for a ropes end as soone,

You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Barke.

*Anti.* I will debate this matter at more leisure

And teach your eares to list me with more heede:

To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee straight:

Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske

That's couer'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie,

There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:

Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,

And that shall baile me: hie thee slaue, be gone,

On Officer to prison, till it come. *Exeunt*

*S. Dromio.* To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,

Where Dowlabell did claime me for her husband,

She is too bigge I hope for me to compasse,

Thither I must, although against my will:

For seruants must their Masters mindes fulfill. *Exit*

*Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

*Adr.* Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?

Mightst thou perceiue austereely in his eie,

That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?

What obseruation mad'st thou in this case?

Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.

*Luc.* First he deni'de you had in him no right.

*Adr.* He meant he did me none: the more my spight

*Luc.* Then swore he that he was a stranger heere.

*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee

were.

*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.

*Adr.* And what said he?

*Luc.* That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

*Adr.* With what perswasion did he tempt thy loue?

*Luc.* With words, that in an honest suit might moue.

First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.

*Adr.* Didst speake him faire?

*Luc.* Haue patience I beseech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,

My tongue, though not my heart, shall haue his will,

He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere,

Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse euery where:

Vicious, vngentle, foolish, blunt, vnkinde,

Stigma-